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The Lancaster Gazette.

CLARKE, HOOKER & SUTPHEN,
EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

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Framingham Block—Third Story—opposite
Left at the Head of the Stairs.

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Building.

MARSHAL NEY'S RETREAT.
BY J. S. C. ARDENT.

One of the most memorable deeds of
fortitude and heroism recorded in the
annals of war, was performed by Marshal
Ney, in the retreat from Moscow. With
a division of five thousand men he was
cut off from the remainder of the French
army. Kutsouff, the Russian general, with
eighty thousand men, including numerous
cavalry, and with two hundred pieces of
artillery, had effectually blocked up his
passage.

Ney, with his little band of half-famished
soldiers, wavering in their languid
march, with guns defective and dirty, and
with about six pieces of cannon, rushed
upon the hostile batteries, and maintained
the unequal conflict in the vain endeavor
to cut his way through the masses of the
field, until night darkened the field.

Then, at midnight, with no thought, even
of surrender, he ordered his troops to turn
upon their track, and march back again
into the wilds of Russia.

With amazement the troops heard this
command, which, without hesitation, they
obeyed. It was a cold, gloomy winter's
night. The frozen ground was covered
with snow, and the blast pierced the
worn-out clothing of the soldiers. For
two or three hours they traversed in
darkness the savage waste, till they came
to a small river. Breaking the ice, to
see in what direction the current ran, Ney
said:

"This stream must flow in the Dnieper.
It shall be our guide."

The feeble band, cold, hungry and
weary, struggled along until they reached
the Dnieper. Its broad and rapid current
was clogged with floating masses of ice,
and in one spot only, to which a peasant
conducted them, was the ice sufficiently
firm, for them to attempt a passage.

And even here it was necessary to pass
with the utmost caution. Ney, wrapped
in his cloak, slept an hour upon the
snow, while his troops passed over in
single file. The ice bent and cracked under
their feet.

They then attempted to pass the wagon
ons over, laden with the sick and
wounded. The frail surface broke, and
several of the wagons sank beneath the
load. A few faint cries only were heard,
as the sufferers disappeared in their cold
and icy sepulchre. By crossing the Dnieper,
Ney hoped, in a long detour, again to
reach the army.

The Russians followed the feeble band
in its retreat, keeping beyond gunshot,
but firing incessantly upon their
victims with artillery, from every available
position.

Napoleon was at Orcha, waiting in the
most intense anxiety to hear tidings from
Ney. Four days had passed without a
rumor of his fate. The whole army was
looking back across the Dnieper, hoping
to catch a glimpse of his artillery. At
the close of a day of solitude and watch-
ing, another wistful night enveloped in
its gloom these retreating, war-torn
armies. Napoleon was talking of
frugal supper with Gen. Liebowitz, when
a shout of joy was heard in the street, and
the words, "Marshal Ney is safe," fell upon
his ear.

At that moment a Polish officer entered
with the tidings that the Marshal was a
few leagues distant, on the bank of the
river, harassed by pursuing Cossacks,
and in want of immediate assistance.
Napoleon sprang from his chair, seized
the informant by both arms, and gazing
into his eyes exclaimed:

"Is that really true? Are you sure
of it? I have two hundred millions in
gold in my vaults at the Tuilleries. I
would have given them all to save Mar-
shal Ney."

Instantly Eugene was dispatched with
five thousand men for the rescue of the
Marshal. Eagerly the soldiers left their
bivouac fires for the midnight march.
For six miles they toiled along through

the snow and over an unknown path, often
stopping to listen if they could hear any
sound of their lost friends. The river,
which was their only guide, flowed clear
and chill at their sides, encumbered
with vast masses of floating ice. Gloomy
forests of evergreens frowned along their
path, and no sound but the tramp of
Eugene's battalion disturbed the silence
of the night.

At length Eugene ordered his artillery
to be discharged, as a shout to call the
attention of his friends. Listening anxiously,
they heard far off in the distance, in
apparent response, a feeble report of
musketry. The Marshal had not a single
piece of artillery left. Both parties, un-
derstood the language of their guns, and
they hastened to meet each other. They
were soon united. Officers and soldiers
alike threw themselves into each other's
arms, and many of these war-worn veter-
ans wept for joy.

The reunited bands, forgetful of the
past perils and the still greater ones they
were yet to encounter, returned rejoicingly
to Orcha. As Marshal Ney, with
soldierly simplicity and unostentatious
gave a receipt of the dangers and diffi-
culties he had surmounted, and the hard-
ships he had endured, Napoleon grasped
his hand, and immortalized him with the
title of the "brave of the brave." Again
Napoleon said, in reference to this same
achievement, in words which will never
die—"Better is an army of deer com-
manded by a lion, than an army of lions
commanded by a deer."

During this retreat, an unnatural moth-
er, who was one of the camp followers,
weary of nursing her crying child, threw
it into the snow to perish. Ney chanced
to witness the inhuman deed, and lifting
up the child, soothed it tenderly, and re-
stored it to its mother in the eldred, com-
manding her to take charge of it. But
soon again the woman, whose heart was
rendered callous, by misery, threw the
child into the snow. The Marshal again
rescued the little one, took it under his
special protection, carrying it for some
time in his own arms. The indignant
soldiers buried the mother from the
sledge, and left her to be picked up by the
Cossacks or to perish on the frozen ground.

The little orphan was watched over with
the greatest care by the soldiers as they
covered it with furs and blankets in one
of the sledges. The child was carried in
the arms of a soldier, through all the hor-
rors of the passage of the Beresina, and
surviving the hardships of the most disas-
trous retreat recorded in the history of
war, at length reached Paris in safety.

In the passage of the Beresina, which
soon ensued, Ney again displayed his
heroism through scenes of horror which
have rarely ever been paralleled, and never
surpassed upon this globe. The genius of
the French engineers speedily threw two
bridges across the stream. The French
army consisted of but twenty-seven
thousand fighting men, and a disorganized
mass of forty thousand stragglers. While
the frozen masses were struggling over
these bridges, the Russians from the ad-
jacent heights, were hurling upon them a
storm of shot and shell. Sixty thousand
Russians manned those batteries. Ney,
taking with him but eight thousand
troops, plunged into the densest of the
ice, drove them before him and took six
thousand prisoners.

Through the long hours of a winter's
night this horrid scene of tumult and
carnage continued. Thousands were crowd-
ed under the bridge into the icy stream,
and sank with shrieks, which rose above
the thunders of the battle. A fearful
tempest of wind and smothering
snow. The black mass of men and wagons
enabled the Russians to direct their
guns with more unerring aim. The howl-
ings of the storm, the gloom of the night,
the flash and the roar of the artillery, the
explosion of the shells, and the whistling
of the bullets, the cries and shrieks of
the dying, presented a spectacle which
has given the "Passage of the Beresina"
perhaps the most prominent position a-
mong all the horrors which have occur-
ed in this lost world. The numbers lost
have never been fully ascertained. Thou-
sands were swept to an unknown
burial. But in the spring, as the ice
melted twelve thousand corpses were
dragged from the river.

Desperate Fight at Washington, N.C.—
Twelve Hundred Rebels Repulsed by
Five Hundred National Troops—Guns-
bottled Down.

Fortress Monroe, Sept. 10.—By the
arrival of the steamer Guido, we learn the
rebels 1800 strong surprised the town of
Washington, N.C. at daybreak on the 6th.
After a desperate fight of two hours the
rebels were repulsed and pursued several
miles.

The 1st regiment N.C. Vols under Col.
Potter, fought with the greatest bravery,
and most determined valor. Potter
had his horse shot under him.

The gunboat Louisiana rendered es-
sential service in shelling the rebels out
of a strong position they had seized.—
The gunboat Pickens was blown up by an
accidental explosion of her magazines.—
Capt. Nicholas and 19 men were killed
and 6 wounded. Our loss on shore was
7 killed and 47 wounded. Thirty rebels
were killed and 48 taken prisoners. Our
forces engaged were only 500.

In addition to our killed and wounded
we have 4 men missing.

A large number of rebels were wounded
Gen. Foster and staff went to Wash-
ington, N.C. on Sunday. Col. Stevenson
has command of Newbern in Gen.
Foster's absence.

"When a man takes more pleasure
in earning money than in spending it,"
says a popular writer on economy, "he
has taken the first step toward wealth."

This is good in its place, but it may be
well to be reminded, that when a man
takes more pleasure in hoarding than in
doing good with it, he has taken a long
step towards perdition.

The War in Maryland.

Rebels Repulsed by Gen. Keys at Edwards
Ferry—The Rebels Reported Marching
on Harrisburg—Skirmish near Pooles-
ville—Rebel Movements toward Hager-
stown—General Wool to Command all
Troops North of the Susquehanna—
Rebels sick from eating Grain Corn—
Jackson leading the Advance to the
Cumberland Valley.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—Specials state
that an officer just arrived from Pooles-
ville early on Wednesday morning says,
that a large party of Stuart's cavalry
came down to Edwards' Ferry, with the
intention of recrossing to the Virginia
side, but were repulsed by forces under
Gen. Keys, who had occupied the place
last night, and retreated toward Fred-
erick again, with a loss of from eighty to
one hundred taken prisoners.

ROCKVILLE, Md., Sept. 8.—Today mat-
ters are assuming a more worklike ap-
pearance. The corps of Gen. Banks and
Sumner passed through here last night
without creating much excitement. This
morning the Commanding General him-
self, accompanied by his staff, galloped
up to the principal hotel in the village
and made inquiries, which led to the su-
position that movements of great impor-
tance were on the tapis.

Following Gen. McClellan came cav-
alry, artillery and infantry in great num-
bers, and still coming; the whole army of
the Peninsula seems to be on the march
in this direction. If reports this morning
are true, we shall need it all in this vi-
cinity.

Jackson is said to have established his
headquarters at Frederick, twenty-eight
miles distant. Hill is reported at Pooles-
ville. The whole rebel army is said to
be marching on Harrisburg. McClellan
presence leads many to suppose that he
is to assume the offensive at once, and
attack the enemy in the rear.

Our army has been drawn up in line of
battle for the past three days, about three
miles from this place. It covers the road
to Poolesville and to Frederick, and when
McClellan is ready a cannon will proba-
bly move down both of these roads and
assume the offensive.

About 7 o'clock last night (Monday),
two companies of the 4th regular cav-
alry, B and F were out on reconnaissance,
when they surprised, or thought they did
about 70 or 80 of the enemy, near a piece of
woods in the vicinity of Poolesville.

Two field pieces were drawn out of the
woods and several rounds fired, our men
firing back, they retired to their resi-
dence. The enemy declined following. Seven
were wounded on our side, three or four
seriously, and one mortally.

I hear this morning that the enemy
have taken possession of some of the im-
portant points on the Baltimore and Ohio
R.R. The Tribune says, editorially, the
latest public intelligence is that the army
is concentrating at Rockville, but from
private information we learn that a dis-
position of the forces has been made with
reference to further movements.

The Baltimore American of yesterday
says: "Intelligence we give this morning
indicates that the advance of the rebel ar-
my had taken a western route toward Ha-
gerstown. When the enemy moves from
Frederick toward Hagerstown it is virtu-
ally turning his back on Baltimore and
Washington, and moving to a point
where he can reach the Potomac at Wil-
liamsport, by a march of but seven miles.

While his infantry has partly moved
west, his cavalry is scouring toward the
border of York county, Pa.

Statements received from correspon-
dents of New York papers as to the force
the rebels have crossed into Maryland,
entirely disagree with accounts that have
been received here from fugitives from
Frederick county. No one who has ar-
rived here speaks of having seen more than
15,000.

HAGERSTOWN, Sept. 10.—The rebels, it
is presumed, have arrived at some point
on the Northern Central road as the tel-
egraph line has been tampered with, and
the words "Damned Yankees" heard by
the operators here.

Gen'l Wool has been assigned to the
command of all troops north of the Sus-
quehanna. Within twenty-four hours
20,000 men will be in the Cumberland
Valley, and before Jackson can reach
Chambersburg, he will be required to
meet and overcome 5,000 Pennsylvania
yeomanry.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 11.—The Inquirer
of this city has a special dispatch from
Poolesville saying that our troops occupy
Sugarloaf mountain.

HAGERSTOWN, Sept. 10, Midnight.—A
State messenger has sent intelligence
amounting in substance to the following:
He reached a position in the mountains
above Frederick, and by means of a
glass, saw all that was going on in the
town.

He says there was evidently a move-
ment of troops in the direction of Mid-
dletown and Boonsboro' going on. Farmers
informed him that a forward movement
began at 3 o'clock this morning, sup-
posed to be about 20,000 strong.

He saw three regiments of infantry one
of cavalry, and eighteen cannon, and a
large number of wagons at Boonsboro'.
The soldiers looked ragged, shoeless and
haggard.

A captured mail carrier says great
numbers threw themselves down in the
middle of the road, stacked with bilious
colic, caused by eating green corn.

A skirmish occurred between the Mich-
igan Cavalry and Virginia Cavalry
leading the rebel advance at Boonsboro'.
They say Jackson leads the column.

The rebel pickets were within a mile
and a half of Hagerstown at 8 o'clock this
evening. The main body appears to be
going between Boonsboro' and Sharps-
burg, eight miles from Hagerstown.

The rebel pickets uniformly told the

farmers that Jackson leads the army, and
the Cumberland Valley is their destina-
tion.

All manner of rumors are in circula-
tion here with regard to a great battle
having been fought, I can only say, with
certainty, that no intelligence of this
character has been received by telegraph
or otherwise.

Report of the Farmers' Club of Sta-
bille.
We select a few items from a report of
a practical Farmer's Club, which we find
in the Rural New Yorker:

JUNE 30, 1862.—The Sta-
bille Farmers' Club met according to adjournment;
Mr. Skinkhorn in the Chair.

THE CHAIRMAN.—The question which
has been adopted for discussion this after-
noon was not such a one as he thought
ought to occupy the attention of this club.
It was altogether too trifling a consequence
to take up their valuable time. He must
say if he had been to have stated it, he
should have put it in an affirmative propo-
sition at once, instead of making it inter-
rogatory; and he believed that all intelli-
gent farmers had long since come to the
same conclusion that he had. The ques-
tion was, "Is it mature a humber?"

and he should call on neighbor Skimitt to
open the discussion.

MR. SKIMITT.—Had rather some other
person had been selected, for the subject
was not one that he thought much of.
However, he would give his experience,
which the Club might take for what it
was worth.

The farm which he now oc-
cupied had been taken from the wilderness.
When the land was first cleared up, and
for a few years after, he had been a good
deal bothered by the raptness of the crops
his wheat had been so heavy that it gave
him a great deal of trouble to harvest it,
and his corn crops were often so large
that he found it impossible to secure them
before winter set in. Later, he had not
been troubled in that way. He found
no trouble now in gathering his crops in
good season.

The Chairman would like to know if
Mr. Skimitt had used any manure on his
land.

MR. SKIMITT.—The hauling out of man-
ure, Spring and Fall, had always seemed
a great waste of time, and he had there-
fore never wasted his time and strength
in that kind of business.

MR. BOKKEMAN.—Will the gentleman
tell us how he gets rid of his manure?

MR. SKIMITT.—When the manure gets
so troublesome that I can't stand it any
longer, I move my barn. I have already
moved it three times, and shall move it
again, unless some man will be fool
enough to come and draw it away.

He would state a fact now, lest it should
be his mind, which he thought consoli-
dately proved manure to be a nuisance.

His barn had formerly stood on the op-
posite side of the road, and in front of his
house; and the weeds had grown so large
on the manure piles, and had looked so
bad, that his wife would give him no
peace till he moved them down. The
fact was that all his experience had con-
vinced him that manure was a nuisance—
a regular humber. He had been com-
pelled to move his barn three times on
account of its accumulation, and each
time had had to put new sills to it, as the
others had been rotted out by the manure.

And he had heard so much of the manure
from his wife and daughters, about the
disgusting appearance of the weeds and
bushes that had grown upon the old piles,
that he had become tired and disgusted at
the very name of manure.

MR. VAN STEINLAND had seen a good
deal of vexation and trouble on this
subject. He fully agreed with the
gentleman who had just taken his seat.
When he was a boy, and lived with his
father on the Mohawk flats, the only way
they had to dispose of their manure was
to draw it down to the river in the win-
ter, and dump it on the ice, and let it go
down stream in the spring. They could
not move their barns as they had no
place except they went up hill with them.

When he came on to his present farm
he regretted there was no river, but he had
thrown the manure down a bank into a
little brook that ran past his barn. But
he had not got rid of the nuisance; it was
worse than he had left it in his yard and
moved his barn. The brook ran through
a flat lot of about ten acres, below his
barn, and he used to have good grass
often as much as a tun to the acre, and it
was easily cut and got in. But lately he
had a great deal of trouble with that lot.

Even this year he had become more dis-
gusted than ever, for his grass had
grown so stout and thick that he could
not get a machine through it, and had
been compelled to mow it with a scythe,
and he had almost given up trying to
get doing hay. For his part, he agreed
with other gentlemen in saying it was a
most consummate humber.

After some further discussion it was
resolved that, in the opinion of a majori-
ty of the members of the Sta-
bille Farmers' Club, in its broadest and most com-
prehensive sense, manure is a humber,
and that where it will cost more to move
the barn than the manure, it is advisable
to move the manure, and not otherwise.

Many of our devoted women, who
have struggled and suffered for the coun-
try, deserve more for their services than a
mere recognition, and for whose cases no
adequate provision has been made. Many
have labored in hospitals, where their ser-
vices have been of most essential value,
until their own health has been injured,
permanently ruined. Many in the prepa-
ration of equipments and munitions for
the Government have suffered to an equal
extent.

While the wounded or disabled
soldier gets his pension for life, we know
of no similar provision having been made
for the invalid hospital nurse. This is
not as it should be. To place the sexes
upon equal equality in this particular,
would be an act of equal gratitude and
justice.

An Elephant on a Bender.

The well known elephant Hannibal, be-
longing to Van Amburgh & Co's Men-
agerie, is celebrated not only for his enor-
mous size, (he is the largest animal of
his species either in Europe or America),
but also for his humorous exploits of an
electric character, many of which have
found their way into print. An incident
which occurred some years ago in Pitts-
burgh, shows that an elephant can be
susceptible to the influences, both of the
tender passion and—whisky. Hannibal
had been spending the winter in a large
warehouse on the banks of the canal,
where two menageries had taken up their
winter quarters. Hence, he was thrown
into the society of a gentle lady elephant
named Queen Ann, and as a natural re-
sult, a warm attachment soon grew up be-
tween them. Hannibal's tender feelings
were apparently fully reciprocated, and
no unsophisticated pair of youthful lovers
were ever more unreserved in their de-
monstrations of mutual affection than these
desperately shagreened creatures of the ele-
phantic race. But, alas, the course of
true love never did run smooth; and when
spring came the mercenary menagerie man
separated the fond couple, sending Queen
Ann off to be exhibited at a quarter of
a head, and leaving Hannibal a prey to re-
flection, grief and indignation. The sub-
ject of our little story is not remarkable
for perfect control of his temper, and this
was probably the most severe trial it had
ever received. He became furious in the
extreme, and endeavored to kill his keep-
er, but fortunately failed in the attempt.

Then he refused all food, and seemed de-
termined to commit suicide by starvation.
At this juncture, his keeper recollected that
under similar circumstances, he had once
found great consolation in rye whisky, and
determined to try it upon his charge.

Hannibal took to the beverage with avidity,
still refusing, however, to eat, and swallow-
ed by the bucket full whenever it was of-
fered to him. In the course of eight or
ten days, it remedied his morose and
sullen, peculiar twinkling of his dimmutive
eyes plainly evidencing that he had begun
to feel his rye.

On the twelfth day, with a
tremendous effort, he burst loose from
his fastenings, and staggered into the
body of the building, as drunk as a bear.

A scene of great excitement followed.
The lions, tigers, hyenas and other ani-
mals dashed against the bars of their
cages, uttering terrific cries of fright, and
the story that the elephant was loose,
spreading through the city, a crowd of
several thousand people was soon around
the warehouse.

Had Hannibal felt so
disposed he might then have wrought in-
calculable mischief, but, instead, he con-
tented himself with reeling about on his
hind legs, his huge bulk raised in the air,
and required only a battered hat upon his
head, and a pipe stuck in his mouth, to
furnish a painter with an incomparable
model for a picture of animal enjoyment.

He was soon properly secured, all recol-
lection of his sweetest having, to all ap-
pearances, been drowned in the whisky,
which he had swallowed. Whether, or
not, his spree was followed by a head-
ache, we cannot say. We presume it was,
as he has not been known to indulge in
the ardent spirit; indeed, it is said, though
we will not vouch for the truth of the
story, that when in Pittsburgh, a few weeks
since, he refused to drink a barrel of riv-
er water which was offered him because it
was "Pure Monogahela."

Rebel News—Beauregard in Command
at Charleston—Generals Wounded at
Ball Run.

Fortress Monroe Sept. 9.—The Rich-
mond Dispatch of the 6th has the fol-
lowing:

"There are now sixty eight of Pope's
commissioned officers and one surgeon in
confinement here. They are not consid-
ered prisoners of war. An aid of Gen'l
Burnside is, however, placed in that cat-
egory."

"An unusually large number of Federal
schooners were visible off Charleston
S.O. on early Tuesday morning."

"In the battle on Friday, Gen. Ewell
was shot through the knee. Gen. Trimble
was wounded in the foot. General Taliaferro
was wounded in the neck and leg."

The Columbia (S.C.) Guardian says
Gen. Beauregard, on reporting for duty,
was assigned to that department, which
we believe, includes Charleston and its
defenses.

Thoughts for Young Men.
Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets
have no magical power to make scholars.
In all circumstances, as a man is, under
God, the master of his own fortune, so he
is the maker of his own mind. The Creator
has so constituted the human intellect
that it can grow only by its own action,
and by its own action it must certainly
and necessarily grow. Every man must,
therefore, in an important sense, educate
himself. His books and teachers are but
helps—the work is his. A man is not
educated until he has the ability to sum-
marize, in case of emergency, all his
mental power in vigorous exercise, to effect
his proposed object. It is not the man
who has seen the most, or who has read
the most, who can do this, such a one is
in danger of being borne down like a boat
of burden, by an overloaded mass of other
men's thoughts. Nor is it a man who
can boast merely of native vigor and cap-
acity. The greatest of all the warriors
that went to the siege of Troy had the
pre-movement not because the nature had
given him strength, and he carried the
largest bow, but self-discipline had taught
him how to band it.—Daniel Webster.

The Adjutant General of Iowa states
that the number of men thus far enlisted
in that State, since the first call of the
President for 300,000 volunteers, is more
than 11,000—more than enough to fill
Iowa's quota under both calls. In addi-
tion to this, over 1,500 have been enlisted
to fill the old regiments.

The Threatened Invasion.

Condition of affairs across the River—
The Excitement in the City Subside—
The Rebels fleeing a Hasty Retreat.

The prospect of an engagement across
the river has, during the last twenty-four
hours, dwindled down to a very insignifi-
cant point; and our people have generally
relaxed into their former state of securi-
ty. The defiant enemy, who rushed with
a recent victory, and the temporary con-
quest of the farthest portion of our sister
State, has been knocking at the gates of
our city for admission, has suddenly,
and rather unexpectedly to most persons
beat a hasty retreat. This movement on
his part shows clearly that he is not
wanting in that better part of valor.

The crisis is now fairly passed. The
"sustained effort" on the part of our peo-
ple (which Napier says large cities are
incapable of), the continued influx of
regular troops and the yeomanry of Ohio,
with their shot guns and rifles; the ad-
vanced condition of our fortifications and
intrenchments on the opposite side of the
river; and the unlimited confidence plac-
ed by all in those at the head of milita-
ry affairs, have fully re-established con-
fidence in our midst.

The news that the enemy is in full re-
treat, and that our cavalry are in pursuit,
will not be a t to alter this condition of
affairs.

Matters over the river were compara-
tively quiet yesterday. Before noon it
was generally known that the enemy had
fallen back from the position occupied by
him on the night previous, but this occa-
sioned a feeling of regret rather than joy.

Our rifle pits and earthworks were in
such a forward condition, and our troops
were so advantageously posted, that an
attack was almost universally expected,
and confident were all that in the event of an
assault the enemy would have been sorely
punished.

The heavy rains of Thursday afternoon
and night sorely tested the soldierly qual-
ities of our "Reserves," nearly all of
whom, it is needless to say, are entirely
unused to a life of such exposure and
fatigue. The gallant fellows were not only
without any shelter, but many of them
had not even a blanket to protect them
from the peltings of the sudden
and pitiless s'orm. After a sleepless
night in the rain, their appearance yester-
day was not that of holiday soldiers,
but their spirits were still good, and
their determination to defend their homes
to the last unabated. The First and Sec-
ond Reserves were encamped on the left
of the Bank Lick turnpike, near Fort An-
derson, and the Third on the left of the
Lexington pike, near Fort Mitchell.

Up to yesterday morning, our advance
on the Lexington pike was held by a por-
tion of the 114th Ohio Regiment, under
command of Lieutenant Colonel Mariner,
formerly editor of the Summit County
Beacon. They now occupy the ground
of Mr. H. G. Buckner, a rebel sympathiz-
er, who has fled his home, about a
mile beyond Fort Mitchell. The 104th
has the honor of monopolizing nearly all
the skirmishing that took place with the
enemy during his stay.

A short distance beyond Mr. Buckner's
residence is a heavy piece of woods, ex-
tending on both sides of the road, which
the enemy occupied from Tuesday till
Thursday night. From this timber the
rebels frequently emerged in considerable
numbers, and on Thursday afternoon a
sharp skirmish ensued between the 104th
and a body of Texas troops which soon
resulted in the latter seeking shelter in
the woods. What loss they sustained, if
any, is not known, though it is believed
they did not escape without harm. Our
loss was four wounded as follows: Wm.
Taylor, Co. B, in bowels, badly; Henry
Shourz